46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Tuesday.

Dear.

Dec 19 1906

Beloved Violet.

Here is a line to wish you
good night - whereas it would
wish you could good morning.
And you must imagine me most
companionable & soft & Baby
like - one claw catches in the
quilt - a razor rapes his behind.
If I were given to prayer I
should pray that you might
have slept well, & worken peacefully.

I know all good people think
very much the same about
dying & being born; & there
is nothing dreadful in these! — in
what comes so naturally.
But I dont need to preach —
you know it all better than I do.
I shall come to you very soon
for — well, not for consolation,
but for all the things that make
life worth having.
And it is not what one
would choose to have written
on one's tombstone I can think
of nothing else.
Vera became engaged 2 days after

NYPL

Thoby died; but she was really engaged
I think the moment she saw
Clive. (as I call him!) She
could never let him go back.
So she went through those days
in a kind of dream. I feel
perfectly happy about her.
When you see them together you
realize that he does understand
every side, & all that is best in
her. I never saw anything so
beautiful as she was. He
is very considerate & unselfish,
& he is really interesting &
clever besides.
You know what she has in
her, & all that seems now
called out: She is a splendid
creature, & makes me hope
all kinds of things. She will

write & tell you all this herself.
It seems so natural & right that
she should marry Clive that I
can really imagine nothing else -
or wish for anyone but him.

NYPL

Adrian & I go down to
the forest on Friday.

I will write. I will do anything
as you know that would
help you - but I am a very
incompetent person, specially
at boiling milk.

Good night: beloved
Creature.

Yr VW.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dec 19c

Beloved Violet.

Do you hate me
for telling so many
lies! You knew
we had to do it.
You must think that
Vera is radiantly happy
& Shirley was splendid
to the end.
These great things are not

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

terrible, & I know we can
still make a good job
of it – & we want you
more & more. I
never knew till this happened
how I should [illegible] NYPL to you
& want you with me
when no one else could
help. This is
quite true, my beloved Violet,
& I must write it down
for once. I think of you

as one of the people - Adrian is
the other - who makes it worth
while to live & be happy.
You are part & all that is
best - & happiest in our
lives. Shelley was always
asking me about you.
I know you loved him, & you he
loved you.
The only thing I feel I could not
bear would be to think that
this news should make you
worse. It would not be
right. I can feel happy
about him; he was so brave &
strong, & his life was perfect.

how we must be more to
each other than ever; & peace
will be all Nessa's life to
look forward to. She is
wonderfully well.
& I think on the whole I
get happier every day – though
it's difficult to think that
I can ever be much happier
than I have often been at
moments during the last
few weeks." That is
what she NYPL writes today.
Beloved. Ut well
& come back to your Wall
who loves you.

VWS.

Dec. 22nd 1906

Lane End
Bank
Nr Lyndhurst.

Saturday.

My Violet.

Your parcel came dropping in by every post. I really have very little morality about giving & receiving: only I don't feel that you should be so generously disposed. Adrian has been fussing over the question of the cheque

ach day; finally I made him
promise to use so much a
will provide a horse for 5 days.
There never was a happier present;
he had only funds for one breakf-
& there is nothing he cares for
more. And it will keep him
out all day, & make him
miss your then - poor little
boy. So you see, as usual
you simplified & adorned our
lives; lying on your sick bed,
& fooling I daresay — at
least that improves the pictures.

how for a list of my presents; there
was the knife which I cut
solemnly & savagingly (as Mrs.
H. Ward has it) with the carving knife
after tea; there was the paper &
there were the skins. So, if
there was only a little pen & ink
drawn in, we should have our
great book complete! It is
odd what funny unorthodox tastes
we share together – for handmade
paper, & strange fawny skins.
Further, my benefactress, more
was your letter, which stood
regally head the list of your
charities. Really it was a
serious searching letter – such as
Mother Abbesses might write to their
nuns, in spiritual crise. For
while it poured balm, it also

pointed a higher way, & that is the
kind of encouragement I value -
You inspired a very affectionate letter
to the old happy Sepoy - & you
so smoothed all the edge off my
poor feeling that I have thought of
her gaily & without bitterness.
I think I had felt rather harshly;
perhaps I had said something less
sharp to be pleasant, though it was
true. How you have made 2
people - 3 people counting Adrian -
happy today: because I know very
well that my feeling & all have
power to affect Nesa, whatever I may
say. And I have for Nafeesa
feeling now that any happiness is
so rare that it must be treated
tenderly at all costs. I think that
is why she is so completely happy: it is
a kind of economy. because it mustn't
last. But, with my usual confidence, I

am pretty sure that it will last,
to her dying day.

It is as beautiful as it can
be here - clear & sharp &
all the trees are full of colour
& line. We have been
walking in the forest & missing
Peer. How I wish you could be
out, knocking about in the bogs
& tearing through holly bushes.'
I feel a sort of animal desire
to breathe & move & do nothing
that needs intelligence.
But I have a good many books,
& I do vaguely wish to work too.
Indeed I have read rather a lot, sitting

over the fire with Adrian. Only
I think less than is conceivable,
& dear words drowning through
my mind without troubling to
attend.

Adrian & I talk a great deal
of our future; not really begun
to look quite vigorous & healthy
He drew plans & phantom dinner
parties for that as to be given
in the new house in March:
& a certain V. D. comes at the
corner in the middle - sometimes
She even carves the joint, to
make the sexes equal!
How are you Lavender?

L.W.S.

Dec 23. 1906

Sunday.

Lane End.

My Violet.

Your letter gave me the first news of Fred's death. Then Adrian went & read it in a paper. O dear - the pain seems swept very near - & the amount of pain that accumulates for some one to feel grows every day. I dont know

NYPL

that he would have minded
dying. he was already so
refined away that the body
seems to be a small part of him.
But he was very human & loveable —
& everything to her & the children.
I hate to think that they should
begin to suffer. I was
thinking that I should see
him often, & perhaps he would
come & dine with us — & another
he would be more always.
He was one of the few — the very very few.

who wrote me something about Thoby which seemed true & inspiring: He was a real genius; father always said so. He made everybody else seem clumsy & verbose. But these things are only the odd thoughts that come through my mind. & I do admire so few people — none I think as I admired him. & somehow the loss is very great.

There is nothing to tell you today — but that we walked in the forest It was a beautiful day, & quite

v. sunny. Now I have just finished a Life of York Powell — & I heard from Nessa that she is still

happy & means to be married or a
man dies with a red rose; &
they are discussing what kind
Cleva shall wear.

Now I must write to Kitty.
Adrian is brewing whisky
toddy over the fire, & shouting
out stories of Oxford when he was
an undergraduate. It is a
blessing we have that book. I
think Fred knew that.

This is a dull dull letter.
I hope you will eat Turkey for
your dinner, & drink a glass of
Champagne.

NYPL

Dec 1906

Love Lud.

Violet.

This is only a line as I have to write various letters before Xing. News round happen & happen but want to see us. I have long letters fr. Kitty & Georgy. The world is full of knaves & fools & stupidity. I wish Gregory did not take me to many. Is it crude human nature

breaking out?. I call it dispersing.
It is snowing now, & the snow is all
dirty. I shall be glad to be, in
London & to see
I only wish I was coming
back with you in the first light.
I wish I knew how you
are. Sleep is the very first.
& drugs are worst of all. O
I read your heart all day.
Bless!

With much love

L.